Nazi Warbird love

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The following is a story By Steel Thunder and corresponds to this image https://titanatelier.com//original/4287/

It was a late summer afternoon, you where getting ready for work, brushing your hair and dressing yourself. The work itself was boring, just stick around some stuffy old war machines at a local bone yard/museum, make sure nobody broke in to cause trouble, keep the place clean, simple stuff. Boring stuff. But it paid well, and your bills and school loan debts where not gonna disappear any time soon. Donning your work jumpsuit which had its fair share of share of smears and stains, it greatly annoyed you that you couldn't get them out, you sigh and collect your car keys and head on out the door.

An hours drive later you've parked your car and engaged the lock, hearing the satisfactory beep you skip up the stairs and greet your shift boss, on his way out. you make your way over into the atrium where the vehicles rest when suddenly something cold and slimy hits you in the neck. See what they didn't tell you when they offered the job, is that the vehicles themselves are rather much alive, some rather senile, and some where total dicks. pulling a rag from your pocket you wiped yourself clean and glared daggers at the offending Sopwith Camel that hung from the ceiling as its entire chassis rattled with its laughter.

A few years back, vehicles began springing to life, with minds of their own. Cop cars, buses, fire trucks, military vehicles, RC cars, planes, jets, boats, new and old. Things started to get hairy, but most countries around the world quickly folded and started treating all machines with signs of sentience as equals to humans. Those that didn't either found themselves either not existing or going back to horse drawn carriages. Nobody knows how it started or why it happened, but the world was never the same since.

"Real funny there" you grimace, some of it got in your hair, said hair had taken you more time than usual to wrangle in today. With a sigh of annoyance you head to the bathroom passing by an old Ju-87 Stuka dive bomber, he raises a flap in salute, and you respond in turn by raising your hand and half heartedly exclaiming "Heil Hitler" getting a throaty chuckle out of the old war bird.

As you bend over into the wash basin, and you chuckle as your mind drifts to the Stuka. Out of all the tanks, Jeeps, trucks and planes here, he was the only one you liked and could relate to. Bit grumpy at times, but you two almost always got along. You walk out and into the storage closet to grab your cleaning supplies and roll it all in a cart towards the Stuka, today was his lucky day. It was bath time.

"C'mon old man, its your turn today" you say as you duck each of his wheels from the dais he sits upon, and lower the ramp so he can roll down. Another perk of being a living vehicle, some things just work, like wheels, giving vehicles autonomous movement, even without gas. His engine whirs to life for a second, belching out some smoke from his exhaust pipes and be begins the slow roll out through the hangar door built into the atrium, out into the bone yard outside.

As he rolls out the doors you hear the Sopwith chuckling again, you shrug, who knows what that crazy old coot was giggling over. You bring your attention over to your German friend, he seems to be grumbling about some creaky joints in his backwheel, you tell him you'l take a look at it after washing him. Connecting the hose, and running it over him a few times, you hear him make a sound that sounds somewhat like "brrr", you chuckle.

"Cold?" you ask, smirk on your face.

"Nein, just feels nice. Besides, I can't feel cold." he said with a heavy German accent. You always found it nice, pleasant to the ear.

"I know I know. You guys don't feel, you are aware of temperature, heat, and other sensations." you drone on, having heard it multiple times from your boss and from the various info-mercials about them.

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“But we do feel pain, from damage.” He shifts, his frame leaning side to side, more surprises, the vehicles can do things they couldn’t do before once they come to life.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get that back wheel fixed” rubbing his side in a comforting manner, you smile as you see the nose where his propellers rest bob up and down, nodding. His left wing bends down slightly allowing you to climb on up and begin washing him down. After a few minutes you begin towelling him off. Half an hour later when the sun is beginning to dip down behind the horizon you start going over maintenance. Once a vehicle comes to life, it can generally go on functioning even with a bunch of nuts and bolts loose or mossing, but as they age, or if they are a vehicle of particular age, they still require a helping hand to fix their small problems.

Holding your small LED light in your mouth you begin scurrying about his whole frame, checking every rivet, every joint, and every cranny you can for signs of damage, simple things like some light rust, or a loose screw you where equipped to deal with right here, beyond that would require you haul him into the machine shop. Finally satisfied with the state of his frame, you walk over to his tail, sliding your hand against it the whole way, you could have sworn you saw him shudder when your hand left his side. Kneeling down you break out your tools and begin tending to his tail wheel.

“You know. You really make me feel young again.” He says with some mirth behind it, to which you giggle a response.

“Oh yes, you where ‘born’ two years ago.” you say as you begin oiling the wheel.

“Ja, but its what I feel that matters no?” He’s silent for a few moments.

“So I was told you are into Germans eh” he grumbled out, with a sizeable quantity of mirth behind it.

You stand up sputtering, smacking your head against his tail wing, then falling on your ass. You grown in pain, rubbing the top of your freshly traumatized skull, when you opened your eyes you saw he had turned around and was now “facing” you.

“Didn’t hurt yourself too much?” with some concern in that voice of his.

“No, im fine, its not that bad” you lie, wincing a bit when you touch the area. YOu also notice that he has slid out his mechadentrites, another thing the living vehicles have, multiple long mechanical tentacles that end in various tools. They seem to be scanning your head or something, he quickly shoos them back into his body, leaving but one for you to grab a hold of and pull yourself up.

“So, still interested in dating German I take it, or did that hit knock it out of your system?” Again, sputtering and stuttering denials and your cheeks grow molten with heat. He quickly tells you he knows you are lying, and finally after some teasing you break and tell him about your tastes, specifically for the exotic. What happened next, you would have never imagined in your life.

“Well, I could give you a first hand experience on what it is like to date a German man you know”

That haunted you for the next couple of months as you worked day in and day out. It didn’t help he was eerily quiet for the most part during those months, and to top it off, your growing frustration, emotional, and sexual was mounting up. It all came crashing down one evening, right after washing him and oiling his wheels again when you brought the subject up again.

“S-so how would this work exactly?” you stutter out your question, fiddling with the pockets of your jumpsuit and finding the ground highly interesting. You had heard of people who had gone into relationships with living vehicles, sure to some and in some places it was rather taboo, but its not like people bitched about it much. Kinda hard to deny rights to a group of people when they aren’t really “people” and they come with 120mm cannons strapped to them or can fly and drop bombs on you.

“Well we can consider this half way through are date, you’ve taken me out, you’ve given me some nice treatment, and we could say you fed me by oiling my wheels.” There he went again, with that thick, heavy German accent that made you feel funny in all the right places. Speaking of places, you just noticed his mechadendrites had come out and where massaging your back and playing with the curls of your hair, some evening daring to rub on your hip and thighs.

“Oh-o-kay, a-and what’s the other half?” you ask, rather nervous, and terribly turned on.

“Oh but that is simple my leibchen” he said with a chuckle, rolling up closer to you, his nose an inch away from yours.

“I ficke on ze first date.” suddenly you saw the sky, followed by the gravel that was once beneath you as his mechanical members had pulled you off your feet and unto the ground right under him, you felt them snaking around your body, pulling the zipper of your jumpsuit, while multiple others took off your boots, and slithered up your legs. You gasped meanwhile and where shocked to find they where pleasantly warm, and not cold as you had expected the metal appendages to be.

“W-wait! Wait! I don’t consent to this! Put me down now!” you half heartedly screamed, you couldn’t deny this was a massive turn on. Your crotch was on fire, and you remembered back in your college day you shared a dorm room with a rather crazy chick who was heavily into Japanese tentacle porn, and while at the time it disgusted you, you did have some pictures and videos on the subject on your own hard drive.

“Schatzchen, I can sense your pheromone levels and gehirn patterns. You want this almost more than I do.” Damn these blasted sentient machines, with senses past our own, almost unable to lie to their faces, relatively speaking. Red faced you agreed with the smallest of voices, to which he quipped about not being able to hear you with his old age, on and on till he got you to practically scream it out. You where damn lucky, or unlucky that your boss usually left before sundown, leaving you alone all night to keep company and entertain the senile relics the museum. And now alone to the whims of the dive bomber.

You felt a slight chill as your jumpsuit and underclothing was pulled off, leaving you with but only socks to protect your shame, not that they where very effective. You squirmed like some lab animal about to be dissected live, tugging at your bonds out of instinct. You gasp as something, no, some things, begin slithering across your body, and nipping at the skin. His smaller tentacles had grasping ‘mouths’ which where currently nibbling at all her sensitive spots across her body, two had latched on to a nipple each and where kneading greedily. A third had taken residence accosting your clitoris and four had been alternating between rubbing your quickly moistening sex and nibbling and tugging at your labia.

“Y-you fuck. S-stop teasing me!” you bark at him, to which he chuckles at, with a distinct sound of his engine beginning to whir to life.

“My My, such language, I need to discipline you.” as he finished saying so, and before you could open your mouth to protest, one of the smaller appendages had dis-engaged from its ministrations and promptly whipped you, across your ass cheeks, producing a yelp of pain, which he silenced by forcing a larger member of his, long, black and steel grey in your mouth.

“Mmmmfff MMmmM!” you attempted to scream at him.

“No no my dear, do not speak with your mouth full, its unbecoming of a lady.” more appendages joined into the fray of stimulating your hole body, the veteran ones had begun to probe the depths of your sopping wet sex, forcing you to squirm and moan into the tentacle currently sliding in and out of your mouth. Suddenly you felt something large and warm press up against your entrance.

“Don’t be afraid, relax your body.” he utters seemingly dripping with lust in his voice, but still enough mind to care for you. You moaned out an affirmative, and relaxed yourself for him. It began sliding in, it being his tentacular cock, sliding in all the way and kissing your cervix, pulling its way out and then beginning to rhythmical pump back in, stopping right before your cervix as to not hurt you, before repeating its horizontal mambo.

You moan and groan like old scaffolding under heavy weight as his tentacles work your body like dough in the hands of a baker. Your toes curl as you feel the small nibbler tentacles begin to lightly twist and pinch at your nipples and clit. A few of smaller of the smaller appendages that explored your watery meat hole began scouting for something, and soon found their treasure. You scream into the tentacle occupying your mouth as you feel your G-spot being rub in, hard. Forcing you to your first living machine induced orgasm.

“Culminating already? I haven’t even begun.” you tremble, whatever deity that may or may not exist, help you. Machines don’t feel fatigue, and you begin anticipating, with trepidation, and arousal, the possibility of being quite literally fucked to death. A minute later after allowing you a breather his thrusting began anew, the ministrations across your entire body resumed, and you felt another orgasm quickly building up. You felt some shame, you remember your mother having asked when you would be giving her some grand kids. shame now you knew it wouldn’t happen as you where turning into a slave for machine cock.

“Mein Liebchen, I am close.” His tentacles sped up, the one in your mouth was now venturing down into your throat, [illegible]ngine revved and his propeller blew at full speed, fire coming out of his exhaust, the frantic squirming of the smaller ones increased. You felt all the tentacles tense on end, before your pussy and throat where invaded by a warm

viscous fluid, ropes after ropes of the stuff. He gently placed you down on the ground, his smaller members caressing you one final time, before spurting some more of the fluid over you.

You tasted it, it was terrible, as terrible as you could imagine car cum to taste like, it was salty, tasted slightly like chlorine and it was oily to boot. But you swallowed what was left in your mouth and began picking yourself up before he helped you up.

“Thanks”

“Your welcome, say, how about another wash, for both of us?.” He asked, mindful of his fluids covering you.

“You mean now, or after round two?” you grin at your dive bomber companion trailing a finger across the flaps of his wing.

His engine flutters to life in response.

“I do hope you never planned on working anywhere else my dear. I’m going to make you mine from now on..” he huskily whispered, mechadendrites coming back to life and slowly approaching you.

Fin.

Alternate quote from the author:
She breathed hoarsely into the gravel, feeling her entire body luch with each rythmic thrust. Her companion’s tail bent low, thrusting his fuel line like phalluses into her tender orifices. His Jericho-Trompete’s wailing out groans of pleasure, interrupted by dirty talk in german which she didn’t understand. “You make me feel young again” he said in his thick german accent~
She panted, sweaty, covered in plane-cum, oil and engine lubricants, filled to the brim and struggling for air from shere exhaustion. Her companion creaked and groaned, equally tired from his efforts to take the nuble mechanic. A sound brought their attention to the entrance of the hangar, a tank had rolled up, and was slowly rolling in. “Greetings!” came out a thick german accent from the slightly rusted Tiger 1 tank. “I have been told you are offering some, carnal rejuvination services? Care to service me? Perhaps.. a threesome?” his engine whirred deeply, growling like a seductive predator. [insert name here] felt something hard stir against her back, turning her head she saw her Stuka companion was ready for another go.

2nd alternate quote:

“I do hope you never planned on working anywhere else my dear. I’m going to make you mine from now on..” he huskily whispered, mechadendrites coming back to life and slowly approaching you.

“Vell, I do hope zere is some room for me”

The old german warplane craned himself back and looked at his heavily armored friend “Why not, tonight’s a night of firsts”. Upon hearing this your heart began racing, and your excitement was careening out of control
without another second to waste, the stuka’s mechadendrites wrapped around your limbs, and pressed you against his belly and climbed up on top of the tank, resting you against his turret. Immediately you felt new metal appendages that belonged to the Tiger 1 under you begin to massage your buttocks and sides.

“Very soft” he muttered, enjoying what his tactile receptors where picking up.

“Indeed, but even softer on the inside” Said the warplane, forcing you to blush. A tendril rose from the tank turret between your legs and massaged your wet folds. You moaned , loving the sensation of being trapped between too machines. Soon both their mechadentrites joined in on the massaging and gentle stroking of your body. These appendages where laced with various sensors that allowed the living vehicles to feel. They enjoyed how soft your skin was, how silky your hair felt, and how moist and ready you where.

One of the Stuka’s metal members was poking on your lips, he wanted to feel your tongue. “W-wait!” you stammered. “I’m not ready for this!” you exclaimed. Stuka’s engine seemed to snort at you. “We can do this the easy way, or we can do this the hard way. The choice is yours.” he said with finality. “B-but-” you where interrupted “She choses ze hard

Your lips parted as Stuka's warm mechanical tentacle invades your mouth, exploring it and rubbing almost amorously against your tongue. Your objections quickly end as you feel another member poking at your wet folds, pushing into your treasure slowly. You spared a glance and saw they belonged to the Tiger tank you sat your rump upon, as his 'Dendrites where of a dark gunmetal color, unlike The Stuka's silver.

The field you where in became a cacophony of wet squelching noises, paired with the rumble of a diesel engine and groaning metal. Stuka bending his airframe, pressing himself into you, relishing in the feeling of your supple breasts against his belly, while tiger raised his barrel, its base rubbing up against your buttocks and taint…..

"Ve vould like to now if you are ze adventurous type" Tiger sort of asked. For a seconded you wondered what he meant, which was soon answered when you felt a small tentacle invade your rear. You had never tried anything there, and to be honest you where not feeling much, you felt no pain as the member was too small, in fact it was an odd sensation. And you believed in time you may grow to like it. Tiger seemingly sensed this, and added a few more, equally small members into your recently deflowered derrière. You moan involuntarily as the strange sensation of not completely uncomfortable anal, your first anal, and his decidedly wider alloy anaconda pounded your pussy.

This driving Tiger to new highs of arousal, his Backdoor Blitzkrieg was doing its job, and to this Stuka took notice and began pushing against the gunmetal giant currently firmly lodged inside your vagina. His silver star slayer pushes and shoves his way into you alongside Tiger's member. You couldn't describe it if you wanted to, the sensation of two mechanical cocks stretching out your delicate insides, and alternating between thrusts. You where helpless, pinned between a hull and a hard place and completely at the mercy of two horny machines. And like machines they fucked you for what seemed like hours.

"Im close" cried stuka, his engine firing and his propeller spinning, to which Tiger groaned out "Ja, I vill come soon!" the speed and depth of their thrusting intensified, there was not a single place on or in your body that didnt feel on fire from the not so tender ministrations of your two lovers. The combined dicks in your vagina and the swarm of smaller onces in your ass twitch and convulse, you are being flooded with more machine-muck. The swelling warmth of their cum fills your holes to the brim and it begins to spill out, they pull out and aim over your body to give you their final spurts, a nice cum coat to end a nice fuck.

Stuka and Tiger release you, their 'dendrites retreating back under their metal plates and hatches. Stuka slides off and lands in a heap next to the large tank, "I'm alright" he calls eliciting a giggle and a diesely chuckle from the tank you currently reside on. A few minutes later you've washed up and redressed, escorted the vehicles back to their resting places and spent the rest of your shift lazing about. Tired you pack up, say your goodbyes and head to your car. Seatbelt on, you turn the ignition, only to be greeted by a husky voice "Aye lass, so I heard ye like men of mechanical complexion eh?" the disembodied voice comes from your radio, your rear view mirror turns as if facing you, and soon you feel the familiar sensations of mechadendrites sliding up your legs, and rubbing up against your sore sex. These seemingly covered in a velvety material.

"Oh-oh my" is the only thing you are able to respond with.

"We are gunta have ta take the scenic route home aye me lass?" the engine rumbles, and he drives off, with you captive inside.

Fin?

aircraft, Germany, steel thunder, Story
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